

Acima Das Estrelas (2/2)

by Spooky Jr

Category: X-Files
Language: English
Status: In-Progress
Published: 2000-06-25 09:00:00
Updated: 2000-06-25 09:00:00
Packaged: 2016-04-27 21:13:00
Rating: K+
Chapters: 1
Words: 4,972
Publisher: www.fanfiction.net
Summary: See part 1.

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Acima Das Estralas

>Part 2
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>
Disclaimer and all info in part 1.

>

>
"Hello?" A young voice called out into the quiet

>space, echoing off the walls.

>It was a person. A child by the sounds of it, Scully noted.

>"Hi," Scully called back, "where are you?"

>"Right here in front of you. It's too dark
to see anything."

>
"Ok," Scully replied, "I want you to reach out

>you hand and I'll reach out mine and we'll grab hands."

>"Ok," came the young girls' reply.

>Scully reached out left hand, waving it
around slightly in the air. A another

>hand came into contact with hers. The small hand
was quite warm to the touch.

>
"Ok, I got you. Do you know any openings

>where we can get out of the plane?"

>"Yeah, I think I think I saw over this way,"
the girl replied, tugging on Scully's hand

>in silent order to follow.

>Scully followed quietly behind her,
hoping the young girls' predictions were correct.

>
A cold draft of air suddenly hit them hard and

>with full force. "Here it is," she girl pointed
out happily.

>
They walk together, hand in hand as they made

>their way out of the plane and into the blizzard like
conditions.

>

>"Here!" Scully called out against the shrieking
sounds of the

wind. Out stretching her hand,
>she offered the young girl the other blanket to wrap
around
herself.
>
The girl reached out taking the offered blanket,
>wrapping it tightly around her shoulders.

>They began their journey up the hill, fighting
against the wind
and rapidly falling snow.
>
Not much light illuminated in the outside world,
>making it nearly impossible to see much. Scully
remembered she
had brought a flashlight and had it
>packed in her bag. She wanted to keep from using as long as

possible for fear it would be needed later on.
>
Being careful as to not trip over tree stumps,
>they had to walk extra slow. Every pain staking second
that
passed making Scully more anxious than ever to get
>back to Mulder.

>Finally the small clearing where she had settled Mulder
came into
view.
>
"How ya doing Mulder?" Scully asked, setting her
>findings down.

>"Hanging in there. Hi," Mulder replied,
extending his hand out to
the young girl.
>
"Hi," the young girl replied, shaking Mulder's
>offered hand.

>"I didn't even catch your name," Scully said.

>"Oh my name is Sarah Blake," the young girl replied,
smiling
sweetly.
>
"Sarah, that's a pretty name. My name is Fox Mulder."

>
"That's a funny first name," the young girl giggled. "What's
>your name?" Sarah asked, turning to Scully.

>"Oh, I'm sorry I forgot to introduce myself. My name
is Dana
Scully. Mr. Mulder and I are FBI Agents."
>
"Wow! Really?? Neat!" Sarah squealed, "I've never met an
>FBI agent before!" Scully couldn't help but smile at the
young
girls' excited tone.
>
"Mulder," Scully started, directing her attention
>back to him, "I found two blankets and my
duffel bag. These trees
should provide some shelter from
>the wind, but we're going to have to make do with these
two
blankets and hope they can keep us warm until rescue
>gets here."

>Mulder nodded, leaning his head back up against
the tree.

>
"Headache?" Scully intoned.
>
"Major," slowly closing his eyes, he lifted his hand
>up to his head, messaging his aching temples with the
tips of his
fingers.
>
He looked up, his eyes opening only to meet
>Scully's worried gaze and unvoiced concern.

>"It's ok," he stated, "I'll live. Really."

>"You better," she joked, running her fingers gently
through his
hair.
>
"I have an extra tee-shirt in my bag and once I set your arm,
>I'm going to tie the shirt around it."

>Scully got up and walked a few feet, picking up
a stick that
would have to make do as a temporary- splint.
>
She reached down pulling from her bag the white tee-shirt

>and ripped it in half.

>"Ok Mulder, I'm going to do this as quick a possible."

>She gently grabbed his arm, holding it lightly.

>She raised her head, looking him straight into his eyes,
"ready?"
He nodded wordlessly.
>
She silently counted to three in her head.
>
One.
>
Two.
>
Three.
>
In one swift movement she quickly pulled his
>arm quickly into a straight forward position, hearing
a
gut-wrenching pop as it went back into alignment.
>
She looked up just in time to see the color
>in Mulder's face drain and a pasty white take its place.

>"Mulder! Whoa, hey it's ok. Put your head down."

>Gently she placed her hands to the back of his neck
guiding his
head into a downward position.
>
After a few moments his ragged breathing began
>to turn back to normal, his color changing back into
a healthier
shade.
>
She removed her hands from his neck, letting him bring his

>head upright. She never lost contact with his body,
keeping her
hand on his back and rubbing gently
>in a circular motion.

>"You ok?"

>"Yeah. Damn Scully that hurt!"

>For a brief moment she lowered her head and he
knew instantly
those were the wrong choice of words.
>
"Scully I--,"
>
With a slight wave her hand, she cut off his apology, "No,

>it's ok Mulder. I'm so sorry I had to do that but it had to
be
done or else permanent damage could have resulted in that arm."

>
Off his nod, she began to apply the stick to his injured
>arm, being tender in her ministrations as to not cause
him
anymore pain. First she wrapped one part of the torn shirt

>around his arm, tying it tightly.

>Next she took the other part of the shirt and wrapped it
around
his arm, about five inches above the first strip of cloth.

>She tied the knot tight like the other, but not as tight
to where
it would cut off any flow of blood.
>
"Ok done," she stated, patting his good arm. "Try not to move

>it too much. That splint will have to make do until I can get
you
to a hospital."
>
Checking his arm over once more, Scully rose and went to unfold

>both of the blankets. When done, she went over and sat close to

Mulder. "Sarah I'm going to settle you right here between me and

>Agent Mulder."

>Sarah nodded and crawled her way over there, snuggling
tightly
in-between the two agents.
>
Scully pulled on one of the blankets, trying
>to fit it over all three of them. Grabbing the
other blanket, she

pulled it over the first one
>and snuggled down under the pile.

>She hoped that the combination of the surrounding
trees, their
few layers of protective clothing and the
>two blankets were enough to keep them warm until help arrived.

>"Everyone comfortable?" She asked, turning first towards
Sarah
and then to Mulder. Both gave answering nods.
>
All fell into a momentary silence, each lost
>in their own thoughts.

>The rustling of fallen leaves filled chilly night air.
The sound
having an almost soothing effect on their minds.
>
Breaking the quiet, Scully decided to try and
>strike up conversation.

>"Were your parents on the plane Sarah?" Mentally kicking
herself,
she regretted the words the moment they left her mouth.

>'Nice conversation starter Dana.'
>"My mom was," Sarah began to explain, "but my Dad
had to stay
home for business reasons."
>
"We were going to spend the weekend at my aunt's
>house," Sarah continued on, "we were going to go
shopping and
out to eat. I turn 15 tomorrow and
>it was going to be my birthday present."

>Tears suddenly sprung to the young girls'
eyes, as realization
hit her. "My mom's dead isn't she?" It
>was more of a statement than a question.

>Scully nodded, suddenly at a loss for words. Mulder
obviously
wasn't as he began to speak.
>
"What's your parents names?"
>
"My Dad's name is James and my Mom's was Claire," she replied.

>
"Are y'all out here on a case?" Sarah questioned, clearly

>wanting to steer away from current subject.

>"Yes," Scully started, "we were on a case,
headed to a place near
Denver." Scully silently
>kept out the mentioning of details about the case
and hoped
Sarah would not press for information.
>
Luckily she didn't, and dropped the issue.
>She snuggled up deeper into the blankets
as a harsh gust of wind
whipped through the small space.
>
Hours passed, small talk ensued momentarily every
>so often, only to die off into the distance
and silence once
again take its place.
>
The storm had arrived and was now in
>full, mind-numbing effect. The cold making
temperatures plummet
even further, if that was at
>all possible.

>Snow falling continuously, blanketing the ground
in feet of
powdered snow. The winds' howling
>long ago turning into a deafening roar.

>Mulder, Scully and Sarah now lay huddled,
under two blankets that
long ago lost its heated
>touch. Drawing body heat from each other was the
only thing
still keeping them from drifting into
>the sure bliss of hypothermic death.

>Their skin like ice, the cold nearly
burning into them, tingling
all the way to
>the bone. The shivering becoming so intense their bodies
shook

with violent force.

>
Looking out straight ahead, a sheet of gray
> painted itself across the sky, making it
the only image for the
eye to see.

>
At one point Mulder had managed to fall into
> a light slumber, sleeping silently. Every so
often Scully would
reach over, probing his neck

> with her fingertips. Just to assure herself
that he was still
alright. That his pulse was still

> strong. Still there.

> Turning her gaze over to Sarah, the young girl looked
up and
locked eyes Scully, smiling serenely, peacefulness

> in her features. Scully, shaking from the cold, couldn't
help
but wonder if this was going to be their final resting

> place.

> "You cold Sarah?" Scully asked. Dumb question, she thought,
but
too late to go back now.

>
"No, not really." Hmmm...not exactly the answer she was

> expecting.

> "Hold on," Sarah started, "let me squeeze in a little
closer,
maybe I can provide a little more warmth." She began to
shift

> more towards Scully, pushing even tighter against her.

> A sudden burst of warmth surged through
Scully, almost as if a
heater inside her body

> had been turned on. Scully reached over, tapping
Mulder lightly
on the shoulder in effort to wake him.

>
He mumbled incoherently for a few moments, before

> dragging his eyelids open slowly. "Mmmm..what?"

> "Mulder, see if you can slide over more against
Sarah. I want to
try and keep as warm as possible."

>
As much as his aching body permitted, Mulder slowly but

> surely slid up more against Sarah. The same burst of warmth

surging through him, warming him immensely.

>
His throat, dry and parched, screamed out for

> the sweet sensation of water. Not having any
for almost 12 hours
was beginning to make his

> body protest.

> A light bulb suddenly went off in his head.
A burst of excitement
shot through

> him as he remembered Scully had brought
a bottle of water and had
it stored

> in her duffel bag. Now if she still
only had some left...

>
"Hey Scully," 'god was that my voice, I sound so

> weak,' "do you still have any of that bottled water
left? I'm so
thirsty."

>
Scully seemed almost shocked for a second, as if she had

> actually forgotten herself that it was in there.

> "Oh my gosh, Mulder! I totally forgot about that!
Yeah I still
have it, hang on let me get it."

>
Scully began to sift through her bag, pulling

> out the flashlight and flicking it on.
She flashed the beam of
light into her bag,

> pushing items aside until finally discovering the bottle
of
water. A smile graced her lips as her shaking hands

> uncapped the 20oz bottle of heavenly liquid. She took
a sip,

passing it to Sarah whom politely turned it down
>and passed it on to Mulder.

>Setting the round top to his parched lips, he
tilted the bottle,
the blessed liquid filling his mouth
>and coating his throat with the sweet substance. After a few

large gulps, he re-capped the bottle and sighed, leaning his head

>back up against the tree. He silently passed the
bottle back to
Sarah without a word. From there she handed
>the bottle back to Scully who set it back into her bag.

>"Wouldn't happened to have any aspirin in that bag
would you
Scully?" He asked, a hopeful looking crossing
>his features.

>Scully shook her head solemnly, "no Mulder, I'm sorry.
I wish I
did."
>
Sarah leaned forward, pulling a small black bag from behind her.

>The bag looked like the kind young girls
wore on that backs, like
a backpack. She unzipped it,
>pulling out two sandwiches stuffed in a plastic bag.

>"I made these before I had left home. They're still
fresh, I
brought them with me on the flight. Here,
>take them," Sarah offered, handing one sandwich
to Scully and one
to Mulder.
>
"Sarah," Scully began, half in shock and half in
>pure joy, "are you sure..?"

>Sarah didn't answer, just smiled and nodded her head.

>They dug into the sandwiches, enjoying the sweet
taste of food
after the absence of it for so long.
>Even if it was just sandwiches, it was food and they
were
grateful.
>
Finishing off the last bite, Scully wiped her mouth
>with the back of her hand.

>Suddenly since they were now crushed together
neither Scully nor
Mulder felt much of the chill of the frosty a
>air. Scully noted that Sarah was acting almost like a
human
heater, providing a little of much needed warmth.
>
The sun had long ago set and darkness take its place.
>Scully idly wondered if a sunrise would soon be upon them.
She
had long ago lost all track of time.
>
She couldn't help but wonder as well if the dominating dark

>clouds would soon part and let way to the shining rays of a
new
dawn sun.
>
She turned her attention to the two sleeping forms
>beside her. They had fallen asleep moments before
and Scully had
taken up in silent agreement that it would be
>she who would stay awake in case rescue were to come.

>Taking an educated guess she concluded it was
probably somewhere
around 5 a.m. and hoped the sun would
>be up soon. Rescue would not begin to search until
the storm let
up and sun shine through.
>
The conditions right now were too rough for any aircraft
>to fly through safely. No rescue choppers would even
contemplate
searching at the moment under these conditions.
>
"Scully?" Mulder's sleep filled voice snapped her from her

>silent thoughts..
>"Yes Mulder?"

>"I-I have something to tell you."

>"What is it Mulder?" Scully now had every ounce of her
attention
focused on Mulder.
>
"If I die today, I'm glad it's beside you."
>
'Oh god,' her mind reeled.
>
"Mulder. Listen to me," she cupped both of her hands
>on his face, craning it until his eyes met hers.

>"You are NOT going to die Mulder. You hear me? You're going to
be
fine. We all are."
>
Mulder just nodded as he began to drift back to sleep.

>
They would get out of here, she promised herself. They would get
>out and they would do it alive. With that thought fresh in her
mind,
she let herself slip into the waiting arms of sleep.

>
Hours passed as the three slept silently, huddled under
>the blankets. Mulder was the first to awaken to the bright

shining sun and was happy to note that the dark black clouds

>of the storm had passed and now bright shining rays of sunlight

filled its place.
>
He allowed his eyes to sweep over Sarah who had fallen
>asleep sometime during the night. He turned his gaze onto his

sleeping partner, a small smile gracing his lips as he allowed

>himself the rare luxury of watching her sleep.

>He watched her for a few moments more until the call of nature
began
to scream, loud and clear. He untangled himself from the
blankets and
>slowly stood up on his aching knees. He leaned against a near-by

tree, using it for support to stand.
>
Somewhere during the night his legs had fallen asleep and were
now
>completely numb. Slowly, still using the tree for support, he
began
to shake his left leg trying to wake it up. After a minute
or so

>he did the same with the right.

>When he was sure his legs were stable enough to walk
on he began
to make his way into the wood area behind them.
>He looked over his shoulder just to make sure Scully and Sarah

were still in his view.
>
After relieving himself he tried to use his good hand to zip up

>his pants, no easy task. Going through the act of congress he

finally got them zipped up and began to make his way back to
Scully.
>
His arm ached and he felt every throb of the pain, as it coursed

>to the top of his upper arm and into his shoulder.

>Arriving back to the area he noticed Scully and Sarah had
already
awakened and were in the middle of some small talk. They

>stopped talking when they noticed Mulder had returned and was

standing behind them behind them.
>
"Hey girls, finally up?"
>
"Yeah. Where did you go?" Scully questioned, as she began to
stand,
>stretching her legs. Mulder lightly grabbed her arm to
help
steady her. After a moment she gave a nod and he reluctantly

>let go of her arm.

>"I went to answer nature's call," he answered.

>"Ah, well I'll be right back, I have to go do that myself."

>Mulder nodded as he watched Scully walk the same path he had
just taken. Averting his attention, he looked down
>at Sarah who was still wiping sleep from her eyes.

>"Sleep well?" He asked, settling down beside her.

>"Surprisingly, yeah I did. A hard dirt ground doesn't
make the best bed but it wasn't that bad," Sarah answered, "how's
>your arm?"

>"My arm is fine. A little sore but I think it'll go back to being

as good as new in no time."
>
Sarah nodded and swept her eyes out over the mountains. Mulder

>did the same, both staying silent as they observed.

>When Scully returned minutes later, Sarah took her turn and
made her way into the woods.
>
"Sweet girl," Scully stated.
>
"Yeah, she really is. I noticed she had the same big
>brown eyes Samantha did."

>"Blond hair," Scully said, "she had blond hair just
like Emily."

>
Mulder noted the flash of sorrow that swept across Scully's

>eyes at the mention of Emily's name. As soon as it came
though,
it was gone as her sky blue eyes sparkled in the sun.

>
"Did you know," she added, "that blond hair and brown eyes is a

>rare combination? You don't see it very much."

>Their conversation ended as the crunching of leaves signaled
the return of Sarah.
>
When Sarah suddenly stopped Mulder and Scully turned around,

>throwing her a questioning look.

>"Listen," Sarah stated, "do you hear it?"

>"Yea...It sounds like...it is! It's a helicopter!"

>Turning around to Sarah, Scully noticed that the young girl
was
no longer present.
>
"Mulder, where did Sarah go?"
>
Mulder turned around to look, stating that he hadn't seen her

>walk off.

>The sound of the chopper became intense as it hovered
over the area, making Mulder and Scully shield their eyes against
>the flying dirt and debris.

>The chopper lowered itself about 30 feet from them, in a

clearing barely wide enough to make the landing.
>
Once the engine was shut down, a rescue crew of six began
>to exit and one by one began walk their way down to the
crash site.
>
Another fleet of rescue choppers could be heard in the distance,

>the sound becoming louder at they drew closer to the area.

>Mulder and Scully began trudging in their direction.

>"We're Agents Mulder and Scully with the FBI." Scully

stated,
pulling out her badge and flashing it to one of the crew members.

>
"FBI?" The man started, clearly confused, "I don't remember

>anyone calling out the FBI for this."

>"You didn't," Mulder stated, "we were actually on this flight.
We've been stranded out here since the crash."

>
"You're the only survivors?" The crewman asked, waving down another

>member of the rescue team.

>"No, actually we aren't," Scully began, "there was a little girl

who survived as well, but right before you got here she
disappeared.

>She must've walked off into the woods, but I have no idea as to

why."

>
"Ok, well my name is Jeff and this is Daniel," he introduced the

>other young man, who had walked up moments before. "Explain to him

the description of the girl and we'll see if we can locate her."

>
As Jeff walked off Daniel turned and looked in bewilderment at the

>two agents.

>"You both slept out here last night?" Mulder nodded.

>"You two," he started, "my god...it was 6 degrees last night with

near blizzard conditions. I'm trying to figure out how you two
are

>even standing here talking to me right now."

>"Well the fact remains that we are." Mulder stated.

>"It's a miracle," Daniel muttered. "Ok," he started, getting back to

the original topic, "tell me everything you can about the girl.

>Name, age, description. Anything you can remember."

>Scully stated Sarah's name and age and explained that today was the

girl's birthday. She went on to describe Sarah explaining that
she

>had medium length blond hair and brown eyes.

>Mulder also mentioned that she stood about 5'4" and was wearing a

white shirt and jeans.

>
"Ok we're going to set a search for her through the evening and

>we'll see if we can locate her. In the meantime the rest of the
crew
is going to search here."

>
Daniel looked down at Mulder's arm, noting for the first time
that he

>was sporting an injury.

>"And it looks like you'll need some medical assistance as well."

He said, nodding down at Mulder's broken arm.

>
"Another search and rescue chopper should be here soon and
they'll

>transport you to the local hospital."

>After getting the information, a search was indeed put out
for
Sarah. By evening time they had three different sets of search

>and rescue teams covering the woods and surrounding area.

>Other crew were given the task of pulling the dead from the
crash,
one by one and lining them up along side the plane.

>
Body bags were brought in and eventually all passengers of flight
>1007 were temporarily laid to rest in them. From there they were

carried off to their final destination.
>
Daniel had given the description of Sarah to the search and
rescue
>members, explaining that he would stay behind at the site.

>Now, two hours later, Daniel stood in the interior of the
plane,
watching as bodies were gathered. He wondered how something
could
>go so wrong in such an instant, taking the lives of so many

unsuspecting innocent people.
>
"We having a matching description!" Daniel spun around, making
his
>way to the front of the plane.

>"Matching description to who?" Daniel asked, staring intently at

the young crew member who stood before him.
>
"The young missing girl. We found her this way."
>
As Daniel followed, the young man began explaining.

>
"White sweat shirt and jeans. She has long blond hair and

>approximately around the age of 15. We found her dead, still

strapped in to her seat. She must've died on impact of the
crash."

>
Daniel dead stopped in his tracks, the young man must've sense

>it as he turned around, facing Daniel.

>"No," Daniel started, "that can't be right. The girl we're looking

for was alive just hours ago. She has supposedly run off into the

>woods. We're looking for a missing child not a dead body!"

>"Sir, the girl matches the description. Maybe it was a mistake.

Come look for yourself."

>
Daniel followed the man to a seating area on the left side of
the

>aisle, about halfway up the plane. Stopping, the man nodded his

head to the seat near the window. A young girl laid dead, still

>strapped in the seat belt of the plane.

>Daniel began to make his way out of the plane, completely

dumb-founded. Once outside he looked around, trying to locate

>Mulder and Scully. He questioned another crew member who reported

they had walked around towards the rear of the plane to look
around.

>Daniel slowly made his way over, wondering if the deceased body in

the plane was the missing girl they were searching so boldly for.

>
Sure enough, as he made his around to the rear of the plane,
there

>were Mulder and Scully, standing side by side discussing something.

They stopped talking and turned around upon sensing another's

>presence behind them.

>Taking a deep breath, Daniel began to explain that he believed they

had discovered the young girl but there was only one catch.

"She's

>dead and it appears she died upon impact of the crash."

>"That's impossible!" Scully stated.

>"Look, I don't think it's her either, but you two are the only

ones here who can correctly identify if it is her. So I'll lead

>you to the body and let you see for yourself."

>The three made there way back to the plane and walked down the

aisle until they reached the section where the young girl was

>located.

>In that that given moment time turned fluid and Scully could've

sworn the earth stopped turning on its axis along with the
beating
>of her heart.

>"Oh my god...this is not possible," Scully stared wide-eyed at

Sarah's dead body.

>
"So it is her," Daniel asked, being more of a statement than a

>question.

>Scully nodded mutely, craning her head to look at Mulder. He
stood
frozen to the spot, his eyes fixed unbelieving on Sarah.

>
It appeared that she was sitting in the exact same seat she was

>before the plane crashed. Before her life unexpectedly halted to

an end.

>
Without another word the agents exited the plane, to leaving the

>shocked rescue member standing among the ruins.

>Once out of hearing distance from the others, Scully started in her

tirade.

>
"Mulder that young girl in there is someone else. There's is no

>logical way that the person in that plane can be Sarah."

>Mulder nodded, casting his eyes to the ground, "Scully, I
can't
explain it either. But the person in there is Sarah's age,
wearing
>the exact same clothes and sitting in the exact same seat she was

before the plane crash."

>
"Mulder she was alive just this morning! She stayed with us last

>night and from what I could tell she was alive and healthy as

they come. There's no way she could've died upon impact on the

>crash."

>"There is one possible explanation," Mulder stated.

>Upon Scully's questioning look, he went on to explain. "Scully

think back to what Daniel said. He explained that it was 6

>degree's last night with damn near blizzard conditions. We were

stuck out here with two blankets and hardly any protective
covering."

>
"Where are you getting at Mulder?"

>
"I'm saying that it was pure luck that we came across Sarah. And

>unharmed after a plane crash at that. What if Sarah was an angel

or some kind of protective spirit of the girl that's now laying
dead

>in that plane."

>"So you're saying that Sarah was dead all along and that her
sprit
was out here last night with us, protecting us?"

>
Mulder nodded, "It's the only explanation I can think of and the
more

>you think about it the more it makes sense."

>Scully began to think back to the night before.

>*Sarah's hands, which had managed to stay warm, even in the winter

night air*

>
Turning down the drink of water Scully offered her

>
*Somehow coming up with two sandwiches and refused the offer to

>share them with her*

>*The burst of warmth that surged through her when Sarah leaned up

against her*

>
A sudden chill ran down her spine. The beliefs in her faith
could

>not help the feeling of shock that exploded within her.

>Looking up to the sky, Scully sent up a silent thank you to the

guardian angel that would forever hold a place in her heart.

>
The End.

>
Author's Notes: The young girl Sarah is named after my best

>friend. This story took 5 loooonnggg months to finally finish and

don't ask where the idea came from. The plane number 1007 comes

>from where one of my other best friends work. Tiger Country 100.7.

Get it now? Good. As far as the moutain range where they crashed.

>Yup it really exsist and is actually quite beautiful and no I've

never been on a plane before. And lastly, the title

>"Acima Das Estrelas" translates in Portuguese to "Above The Stars".

Oh and SEND ME FEEDBACK!!! Puuuuhhlease!! It'll really make my
day!

>
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End
file.